Horatius - J. K.

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THE NINTH SATIRE OF HORACE, BOOK THE FIRST, IMITATED.

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TO

EDWIN LASCELLES, Esq;

MEMBER of PARLIAMENT

FOR THE

COUNTY of YORK.

SIR,

THE great success which the late Mr. POPE met with in his imitations of HORACE, and the commendations I have every where heard bestowed upon Doctor FRANCIS, for his poetical translation of the same Author, have encouraged

me to hazard an attempt, between the one and the other. That infinite fund of true ſatyric ſpirit which diſtinguiſhed the former of theſe Gentlemen, enabled him to deviate from, and add to his Maſter's profound, yet humorous leſſons of morality, whenever he found himſelf ſo diſpoſed: and an exquiſite knowledge of the manner, diction, and genius of his Author, has enabled the latter to tread (ſtep by ſtep, I had almoſt ſaid) in the pleaſing Mæanders of his familiar guide. My almoſt total want of Mr. POPE's rich vein and ſatyric turn, has cautioned me not to loſe ſight of my Author too much, in the following verſion: and the ſuperior taſte and ſkill of Doctor FRANCIS (while it has empowered him to aim at a literal tranſlation throughout) is a ſuffi-

cient

cient hint for me, that I ſhould take ſome latitude, if I would hope for ſucceſs in my preſent undertaking. Had I ever peruſed, with a critical exactneſs, the performances of theſe celebrated gentlemen, probably their great excellence, in their reſpective manner, might have deterred me from making my own attempt public. But ſo it is, "Perdere quos Deus vult, dementat prius," for I having, unluckily, taken it into my head to perſiſt in ſcribbling and verſifying, have neither liſtened to the ſtill voice of reaſon within me, that might haply have curbed this adventurous genius of mine; nor have I conſulted either the beauties or deformities of other authors; a due contemplation of which

might

might have induced me to ſuppreſs my own jejune performances.

The free and communicative converſation I have formerly had the honor of enjoying with You in your Muſeum at Gawthorp, and the ingenious ſtrictures You have curſorily made upon the Roman poets, encourage me to hope this following tranſlation may not prove entirely unacceptable to You. Should it have the good fortune to attract more of your notice than I dare preſume to promiſe it, I will be bold to ſay, that your favorable acceptance and approbation of it ſhall not be loſt upon me. Numberleſs and various are the poetical productions which have

laid

laid almoſt twice "nine years" in my moth-eaten cheſt; it muſt be a patronage ſuch as Your's, that can extract them from thence, and an indulgence too, ſuch as what only reſides in humane and candid breaſts, that can infuſe life into them, when once brought out from thence.

The elegant and coſtly building which You are now engaged about (a work, not leſs the public admiration, than a public bleſſing to the ſurrounding neighbourhood, in its happy conſequences) makes me hope, that the Muſes may, henceforth, be invited to wanton in your train; and that You, who are ſo capable of becoming their patron, will condeſcend to aſſign them

their proper rank among the liberal arts and ſciences.

("Sint Mecænates deerunt haud, Flacce, Marones.")

And, in this confidence, I beg leave to ſubſcribe myſelf,

SIR,

Your devoted and moſt humble Servant,

SCARBOROUGH,
July 26th, 1767.

SIDNEY SWINNEY.

THE

NINTH SATIRE

OF

HORACE,

BOOK THE FIRST,

IMITATED.

Q. HORATII FLACCI

SATYRA IX. LIB. I.

IBAM ut fortè viâ ſacrâ, ſicut meus eſt mos
Neſcio quid meditans nugarum, totus in illis:
Adcurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantùm;
Arreptâque manu, "Quid agis, dulciſſime rerum?"
"Suaviter, ut nunc eſt, inquam; et cupio omnia quae vis."

Cum

THE NINTH SATIRE OF HORACE, BOOK THE FIRST.

AS I was ſauntring in the Park of late,
Muſing, as uſual, on I know not what;
QUIDNUNC runs up, whoſe name I only knew,
Seizes my hand, and aſks me, "How I do?"
"Extremely well as the world goes, I anſwer,
And I'm your humble ſervant at command, Sir."

He

Cum adſectaretur, "Num quid vis?" occupo. at ille,
"Nôris nos, inquit; docti ſumus." Hic ego; "Pluris
Hoc, inquam, mihi eris." Miſerè diſcedere quaerens,
Ire modò ociùs; interdum conſiſtere; in aurem
Dicere neſcio quid puero. cum ſudor ad imos
Manaret talos; "O te, BOLANE, cerebri
Felicem," aiebam tacitus. cum quidlibet ille
Garriret; vicos, urbem laudaret; ut illi
Nil reſpondebam: "Miſerè cupis, inquit, abire,
Jamdudum video: ſed nil agis; uſque tenebo:
Proſequar hinc, quo nunc iter eſt tibi." "Nil opus eſt te
Circumagi: quendam volo viſere non tibi notum:
Trans Tiberim longè cubat is, prope Caeſaris hortos."
"Nil habeo quod agam, et non ſum piger; uſque ſequar te."

Demitto

He doggs me, and, on aſking, "What's his will?"
He anſwers, "He's a brother of the quill."
"I'm doubly your's, I cry, ſince that's the caſe:"
And, to get quit of him, I mend my pace;
Then ſtop, and whiſper in my lacquey's ear,
Fretting and foaming like a baited bear.
While he runs on, ſaluting all he meets,
And comments on the buildings and the ſtreets,
I, from my heart, breathe this ejaculation;
"Happy, O HARA, in thy ſtarts of paſſion!"
"Long I've obſerv'd you'd ſhake me off, he cries,
But ſhan't; I'll never leave a man ſo wiſe."
Where are you trudging?" P. "To a friend, unknown
To you, on t'other ſide the Thames." Q. "I own
That's a long ſtretch, but I can walk you blind:"
So let's away---I'll ne'er be left behind."

I feel

Demitto auriculas, ut iniquae mentis aſellus,
Cum gravius dorſo ſubiit onus. incipit ille:
" Si benè me novi, non Viſcum pluris amicum,
Non Varium facies: nam quis me ſcribere plures
Aut citiùs poſſit verſus? quis membra movere
Molliùs? invideat quod et Hermogenes, ego canto."
Interpellandi locus hîc erat: " Eſt tibi mater,
Cognati, queîs te ſalvo eſt opus? " Haud mihi quiſquam:
Omnes compoſui." " Felices! nunc ego reſto.
Confice: namque inſtat fatum mihi triſte, Sabella
Quod puero cecinit motâ divina anus urnâ:"
" Hunc neque dira venena, nec hoſticus auferet enſis,
" Nec laterum dolor, aut tuſſis, nec tarda podagra:
" Garrulus

I feel just like an ass, whose limbs decrepit,
When too much lumber galls his hollow back.
He now begins—"If well myself I know,
From POPE or SWIFT not richer talents flow?
For who's the poet that, in blank or rhyme,
Can write more verſes in ſo ſhort a time?
Then SLINGSBY can't excell my ſtep nor air;
Nor LOVATINI's voice with mine compare."
An op'ning offers, and I aſk him here;
"Have you no friends who make your life their care?
Q. "Not one, I've bury'd all!" P. "The happier they!
My turn comes next; I can't outlive to-day.
Diſpatch me then; the prophecy's fulfill'd,
Juſt as the Gipſey told me when a child."
"Thou need'ſt not poiſon, nor the hoſtile ſpear,
"Gout, Phthiſick, Cough, nor any ſickneſs fear:

" Garrulus hunc quando conſumet cunque: loquaces,
" Si ſapiat, vitet, ſimul atque adoleverit ætas."
Ventum erat ad Veſtæ, quartâ jam parte diei
Præteritâ: et caſu tunc reſpondere vadatus
Debebat: quod ni feciſſet, perdere litem.
" Si me amas, inquit, paullum hîc ades." H. " Interream ſi
Aut valeo ſtare, aut novi civilia jura:
Et propero, quo ſcis." Q. " Dubius ſum, quid faciam, inquit;
Tene relinquam, an rem." H. " Me ſodes." " Non faciam," ille:
Et præcedere cœpit. Ego, ut contendere durum
Cum victore, ſequor. " Mæcenas quomodo tecum?"
Hinc repetit. H. " Paucorum hominum et mentis bene ſanæ."
Q. Nemo

" When grown a man, be ſure from babblers fly;
" Their dang'rous weapons guard againſt, or die."
'Croſs Palace-yard our meaſur'd ſteps we took;
The Courts were ſitting, for 'twas eight o'clock.
It chanc'd, my ſpark had given bail to try
An action of aſſault, and battery.
" Now follow me," he cries, " and lend your aid:"
P. " Lord, Sir, you aſk a ſtranger to the trade:
You know, too, I'm in haſte." Q. " Which ſhall I do?
Whether my cauſe muſt I give up, or you?"
P. " Me by all means: ſtay, I conjure you, ſtay."
" Not for the world," he ſays, and leads the way.
I, as 'tis hard to ſtruggle with our betters,
Lag on behind him like a rogue in fetters.
He now reſumes --- " Well; how are you with CH---M?"
P. " Upon my word I ſeldom can get at him:

Q. Nemo dexterius fortunâ eſt uſus: haberes
Magnum adjutorem, poſſet qui ferre ſecundas,
Hunc hominem velles ſi tradere: diſpeream ni
Submôſſes omnis." H. "Non iſto vivitur illic,
Quo tu rere modo: domus hæc neque purior ulla eſt,

He's inacceſſible, or ſees but few;
BECKFORD and ADDINGTON and old nurſe SUE:
All I can ſay is, this confounded gout
Has well-nigh maddened him, and turn'd him out."
Q. "Poh! you miſtake my meaning quite --- I aſk,
If ſtill beneath his patronage you baſk?
Did ever man his fortune better uſe
Than you? and, truſt me, none would loſe abuſe
Your goodneſs: would you try my talents, friend;
They'd ſoon themſelves and maſter recommend.
Eſpouſe me but; I'll make your rivals ſmart,
Confound their ſchemes, and break each baffled heart."
P. "You quite miſtake the maxims we purſue,
And ſtain the praiſes, to our patron due.
There's not a family throughout St. James's
More incorrupt; for not a bribe defames us:

Nor

Nec magis his aliena malis: nil mî officit, inquam,
Ditior hic, aut eſt quia doctior: eſt locus uni-
Cuique ſuus." Q. "Magnum narras, vix credibile!" H. "Atqui
Sic habet." Q. "Accendis, quare cupiam magis illi
Proximus eſſe." H. "Velis tantummodò, quæ tua virtus,
Expugnabis: et eſt qui vinci poſſit; eoque
Difficiles aditus primos habet." Q. "Haud mihi deero:
Muneribus ſervos corrumpam; non, hodie ſi
Excluſus fuero, deſiſtam; tempora quæram;
Occurram in triviis; deducam. nil ſine magno
Vita labore dedit mortalibus." Hæc dum agit, ecce
Fuſcus Ariſtius occurrit, mihi carus, et illum
Qui

Nor do I care, if this or t' other's richer;
Or wiſer that---each figure has its nich, Sir;
We own no M--- N W --- B, nor TWITCHER."
Q. " 'Tis wonderful, and ſcarce deſerves belief."
P. " Yet ſo it is." Q. " Why then, Sir, to be brief;
You've kindled in me ſuch a longing thirſt
To drink his health, as I muſt quench or burſt."
P. " O, do but tickle him; he's like a trout
That plays bo-peep, yet may be charmed out;
Therefore he keeps cloſe quarters." Q. " Never fear me;
There's nothing I'll relinquiſh to endear me.
I'll fee the porter: ſhould he puſh me down,
I'll to the charge again: I'll ſcour the town
To trace his footſteps: life has nought beſtow'd
On us poor paſſengers without its load."
As luck would have't, DICK P----GER comes up,
Who kenn'd him better than I did. We ſtop,

Qui pulchrè nôſſet. conſiſtimus. "Unde venis?" et
Quo tendis?" rogat, et reſpondeo. vellere coepi,
Et prenſare manu lentiſſima brachia, mutans,
Diſtorquens oculos, ut me eripenet. malè falſus
Rideps diſſimulare: meum jecur urere bilis.
H. " Certè neſcio quid ſecreto velle loquiî te
Aiebas mecum." F. A. "Memini bene; ſed meliori
Tempore dicam: hodie triceſima ſabbata. Vis tu
Curtis Judæis oppedere?" "nulla mihi, inquam,
Religio eſt." F. A. At mî: ſum paullo infirmior, unus
Multorum: ignoſces: alias loquar." Hunccine ſolem
Tam nigrum ſurrexê mihi! fugit improbus, ac me

Sub

And, after mutual aſking, "Whence we come,
And whither go?" I cock at him my thumb,
Squint, pluck, and graſp his ſlip'ry arms, and nod;
In hopes he'd ſnatch me from this iron rod:
In vain; the wag pretends (the more to teaze me)
To miſs my meaning; ſpleen and fury ſeize me.
P. "Surely, dear DICK, you told me, t'other day,
You'd ſomething of great conſequence to ſay"---
D. P. True, SID; but I a better time will take:
To-day's the Jewiſh feſtival; they'll make
A ſumptuous feaſt: you won't offend the CAST?"
P. "Upon my word I'm no enthuſiaſt."
D. P. "But I, a weaker brother, have my cue;
And own, I'm ſomewhat ſingular; adieu."
That this day's ſun ſhould riſe on me ſo black,
And ſaddle ſuch a load upon my back!

Sub cultro linquit. casu venit obvius illi
Adversarius, et, " Quo tu, turpissime ?" magnâ
Inclamat voce, et, " Licet antestari ?" ego verò
Oppono auriculam. rapit in jus : clamor utrimque ;
Undique concursus. sic me servavit Apollo.

Under the hatches wretched I am left,
Of hope, of comfort, and of breath bereft!
By chance, howe'er, the plaintiff meets the cur:
"What; will you plead," he cries, "or you'll demur?
Bear witneſs, Sir, I've aſk'd him." P. "Faith not I:
Apollo beckons, and to him I fly."

NOTES.

L. 1. "Iham fortè Viâ Sacrâ, ſicut meus eſt mos
Neſcio quid meditans nugarum," &c.

The reaſon of my putting a Comma after the words "Viâ Sacrâ" and not after "ſicut meus eſt mos," is becauſe I think it would imply a contradiction in HORACE, ſhould he ſay, "I *chanced* to be walking along the ſtreets as I am *accuſtomed* to do."

L. 5. ——— "Et cupio omnia quae vis."

The too great civility of HORACE, in his reply to the IMPERTINENT, ſeems to have drawn him upon his back.

L. 11. ——— "O! te, BOLANE, cerebri
Felicem, aiebam."———

It does not appear that the Poet meant to caſt any ſevere reflection upon his countryman BOLANUS, but rather the reverſe; nor would the Tranſlator be ſuppoſed to have been in the leaſt ſarcaſtic,

ſarcaſtic, upon the numerous and noble family of O HARAS, his worthy countrymen.

L. 28. " Omnes compoſui "———————

There is ſomething inexpreſſibly elegant in the term " compoſui : " as if the talkative fellow had ſaid, " I've ſilenced, I've compoſed, I've buried all my relations and friends " (for it muſt be underſtood, that this is a term appropriated by the Romans to collecting the aſhes of the deceaſed, and depoſiting them in an urn).

L. 35. " Ventum erat ad VESTAE : quartâ jam parte diei Praeteritâ, &c."

It is ſuppoſed that the courts of juſtice met in the Temple of Veſta at Rome, as they do in Weſtminſter-hall at London. The Romans computed their day from Six o'clock in the morning to Six at night; conſequently, it was Nine o'clock in the morning when Horace and his companion arrived at the court of judicature. But as this would appear a very late hour for our Britiſh Pléaders to meet at the bar, the Tranſlator has complimented them with an earlier.

L. 46. ———— " poſſet qui ferre ſecundas : "

A term taken, in all probability, from the ſtage.

L. 54. ——— " Velis tantummodò: quae tua virtus,
Expugnabis." ———

This expreſſion is an inimitable irony, and cannot eaſily be rendered, with the ſame energy and conciſeneſs, into another language. The terms " quae tua virtus, expugnabis," are entirely military; as are alſo the following words, " Eoque difficiles aditus primos habet."

L. 63. " Quo tendis? ~~roget, et~~ *reſpondet*." ———

I chuſe rather to ſubſtitute "*reſpondeo*," as being with more propriety to be applied to Horace, than his friend.

L. 68. ——— " Sed meliori " ———

Read " meliori," inſtead of " meliore," in order to avoid the repetition of the laſt ſyllable " re," notwithſtanding Dr. Bentley's critique.

L. 69. ——— " Hodie Triceſima Sabbata. Vis tu
Curtis JUDAEIS oppedere?" ———

The words " Triceſima Sabbata" may either refer to the Great Sabbath, which was denominated " PHASE " by the Jews; or to their " NEOMENIA," " New-moon." The words " curtis Judaeis," allude to their circumciſion.*

*From the month of September, which is called " Tiſri," by the Jews, to the month of April, (" Niſan,") are juſt thirty weeks, when the Jewiſh year commenceth.

L. 70. ——— "nulla mihi, inquam, Relligio eſt." ———

Horace muſt be underſtood here, as not ſpeaking in his own perſon, but in the character of an Epicurean, which ſect was reputed (although falſely) to be infected with atheiſtical principles. A parallel paſſage to this appears in the following verſes of Horace:

" Nec ſi quid miri faciat natura, deos id
Triſtes ex alto coeli demittere tecto."

But the one and the other quotation can neither be juſtly applied to the religious tenets of Epicurus, or to thoſe of Horace, as I ſhall ſome time or other endeavour to prove.

L. 78. ——— "Sic me ſervavit Apollo."

The god Apollo was conſtantly denominated by his worſhippers " ἀλεξικάκος, ἀποτροπαῖος," " propitious, avenger;" as appears from numberleſs ancient inſcriptions " APOLLINI CONSERVATORI:" and poſſibly Horace caſt his eyes upon his ſtatue in ſome public place, during the plaintiff's endeavouring to ſubpoena him into court.

" As it is difficult for me to give the Reader an adequate idea of the " numberleſs keen and exquiſite ſtrokes contained in this Satire, I " chuſe to leave them to his own ſagacious diſcoveries. He will " pleaſe to obſerve, I have adhered to Doctor BENTLEY's edition of " HORACE, except in a very few trifling paſſages, which that cele- " brated Critic ſeems to have overlooked through hurry."

FINIS.